Prince. Faith, tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Poto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I blush to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a Welſh hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower*!

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scottes, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer the Sparr

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath goo runne.

Prince. Why; what a raſcall art th running?

Fal. A horſe-backe ye Cuckoo budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: wel *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Cap away by night, thy fathers beard is tu you may buy Land now as cheape a

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there com buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Mayd nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt t good trading that way. But tell me, A feard? thou being Heire apparent, c out three ſuch Enemies againe, as tha *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke s

Fal. Well, thou wilt bee horribl thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my Fa the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioy ter for a leden Dagger, and thy precr tiſull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grac now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee mine eyes looke redde, that it may For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I w veine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)